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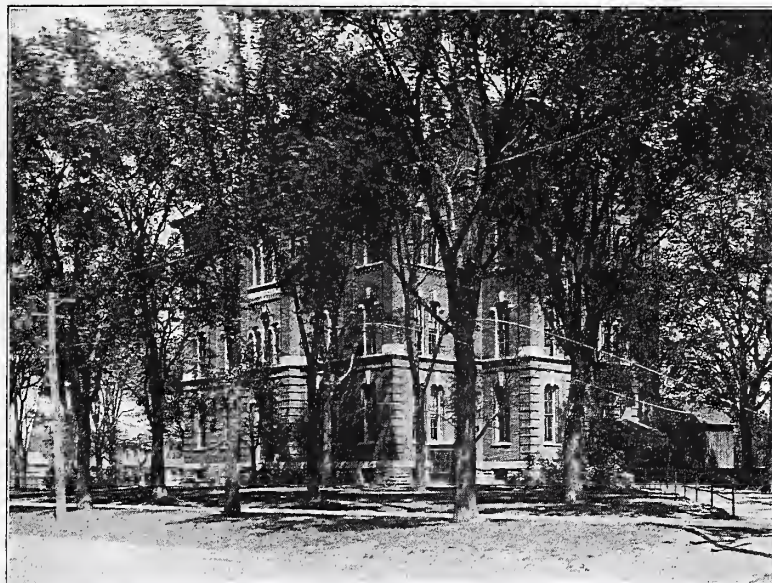


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Crescent Annual

A chronicle of the tasks, pleasures and successes
of the students of the
Saint Joseph High School
in the year
Nineteen hundred sixteen
Volume 3

TO
ETHEL G. KELBLE

WITH GRATEFULNESS IN OUR
HEARTS FOR HER HELP, AND
AFFECTION BRED THROUGH
HER KINDLY CO-OPERATION
AND INTEREST, WE, THE SE-
NIORS OF 1916, RESPECTFULLY
DEDICATE THIS ISSUE OF THE
CRESCENT.





The Annual Staff

Editor-in-Chief	-	DONALD BUSHNELL
Literary Editor	- -	NANNENE GOWDY
Business Manager	-	STANLEY JOHNSON
Picture Editor	- -	HAZEL LESSING
Art Editor	- - -	ELLA HABEL
Circulation Manager	- -	EDSON GROFF
Athletic Editor	- -	CARL SCHOLZ
Joke Editor	- -	PEARL BURKHARD
Society Editor	- -	CATHERINE VAIL

The Dual Spirit

We of 1916 will soon have completed our high school career. Perhaps it is not amiss now to state or even to elaborate upon the biggest thing of that career.

This biggest thing has not been our studies, because the manner of our study depends upon it. This has not been athletics, because the value of athletics springs from it. It is simply this, which is so tersely expressed in that potent phrase, "*The Saint Joseph Spirit*."

The Yellow and the Blue. These are wonderful words. Their echo never fails to stir within our hearts a throb of emotion. They are emblematic, because they are pregnant with the significance of the dual nature, and therefore, the entirety of "*The Saint Joseph Spirit*."

First, let us consider the Blue. The Blue signifies the usualness of life. We Seniors know that in school as well as later we meet with commonplaces—no, I will speak out, with monotones, yes, even with sacrifices. Many are the unseen deeds, many the unpublished victories of duty over desire, many are the unknown and voluntary sacrifices, withdrawals, self-denials, all initiated by love of school and done for her honor. The spirit of ascendancy over the pettiness of our high school life—this is what the Blue typifies.

None the less inspiring, if more pleasant in its form, is the spirit of the Yellow. This is the spirit of achievement. It is manifested by honor and prominence won. It demands glorifying recognition. It typifies all that is bright, attractive, and full of success.

The wonder of our Saint Joseph spirit is that it is a blend of the Yellow and the Blue. One completes the other and each is essential to the attainment of the other. Upon the athletic field the sight of the Yellow and the Blue thrills us. Every thread of that Blue there stands for an hour of uncongenial practice, a pleasant time foregone, an unjust criticism withstood, or any one among numberless faithful endeavors for the interest of the school. Did it ever occur to you that the victory won, so splendid, so glorious, so easily significant of the spirit of the Yellow, was as equally significant of the Blue, because the Blue impelled the hours of drudgery, of monotony, that made possible the victorious manifestation of the Yellow. Students of Saint Joseph realize that without the Blue there can be no Yellow, and that without the Yellow, there can be no Blue; realize that the victories of the past, that the victories of the future, have been and will be dependent upon your recognition of this fact.

We have tried to make this Annual an embodiment of the dual spirit. We thank every person who has given it support, literary or financial, and wish even better success to the books to come.

A Plea

This book is completed
And closed, like the day,
And our hands that have written it
Now give it away.

In it is effort,
And striving to grope
For that best which, when called,
Springs to life with new hope.

Yet, perchance, being human,
In somehow we've failed;
We beg your indulgence—
It's the way of the world.



E. P. CLARKE
Superintendent



E. J. MERRILL
Principal
Physics, Chemistry



ELLEN W. CONANT
History

Died July 2, 1918.



MINERVA GRIER
Commercial

GLADYS BABCOCK
Latin

Died July 14, 1918



ETHEL KELBLE
English

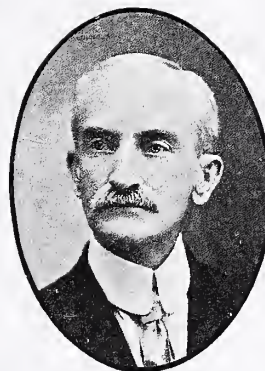
W. ELDRIDGE GARDNER
Mathematics, Civics, Economics, Botany,
Agriculture, Athletics



VIDA HOLTZMAN
German, English



GEORGIANNA HATHAWAY
Domestic Science, Sewing



C. D. JENNINGS
Mathematics, Manual Training



MARY J. LOUGHEAD
Drawing

GEORGE BYERS
Director of Band and Orchestra







Valedictorian

The Class of 1916 is glad to honor Miss Madeleine Schnader as its Valedictorian. She has made a splendid record which stands a monument to an invincibility of purpose and thoroughness of persistency as well as her own intellectual ability. Her honor is the more bright because her attainment has not come at the expense of true good fellowship. Our recognition of her success is unanimous and sincere.

Salutatorian

Our recognition is also extended to Miss Nannene Gowdy as Salutatorian of our Class. The honor comes as a result of unusually strong and quick mental capacities. The just reward of this honor completes a high school life of broad and varied attainment. She has given unstintingly of her talents for the sake of the school and the class, and we are glad that the reward is hers.



HARRIS BAITINGER

"Manners adorn his knowledge,
And smooth his way through life."



Class Football; H. S. Entertainment. '16.

CORA MAE BOAM

"Watched by affection's gentle eye
So soft and kind that naught can harm her."



Junior Farce; Basketball, '13-14; Tennis, '15.

DONALD BUSHNELL

"Of course, I should even better succeed in small things
Were I not troubled with great ambitions."

Pres. Crescent, '15; Football, '16; Editor-in-Chief, Annual; Sec. Crescent, '14; Business Manager Junior Farce, '15; Business Mgr. Dramatic Club, '14-15; Speaker House Reps., '15; Oratory, '16; Debating, '14-15; Junior Farce Com., '15; Student Member B. C. H. S. A. A., '16.

PEARL BURKHARD

"What is life without a little dust o' spice?
A weary place at best, methinks."

Joke Ed. Annual; Junior Farce, '15; Crescent Pro. Com., '15; H. S. Entertainment, '16; Dramatic Club, '14-15; Junior Farce Com., '15; Vice Pres. Senior Class.





ELSIE DAHLSTROM

"She was ever fair, and never proud,
Had tongue at will, and yet was never loud."

Recording Clerk, House of Reps.

ETHEL CODER

"Those about her from her shall learn
The perfect ways of honor."



Junior Farce. '15.

MARY EVERETT

"Her voice was ever soft, gentle and low,
An excellent thing in woman."



WALTER CLARKE

"A good name is a second life,
And the ground work of eternal existence."

Band, '16; Class Football, '16; H. S. Entertainment,
'16.

STANLEY JOHNSON

"And still his tongue runs on,
The less of weight it bears, with greater ease."

Business Mgr. Annual, '16; Class Treas., '15; Junior Farce, '15; Vice Pres. A. A., '16; Speaker House of Reps., '16; H. S. Entertainment, '16; Crescent Pro. Com., '13; Class Football, '16.

LUCILLE FRANZ

"We grant, although she had much wit,
She was very shy of using it."

Junior Farce, '15.

EDSON GROFF

"There is little I don't know,
And that little will soon be learned."

Pres. Senior Class; Vice-Pres. Crescent, '14, Crescent Pro. Com., '14; Junior Farce, '15; Dramatic Club, '14-15; Football, '14; Circulating Mgr. Annual; Yellmaster, '13-14-15; H. S. Entertainment, '16; Oratory, '14; Debating, '14-15.

NANNENE GOWDY

"It is as great to be a woman as to be a man."

Salutatorian; Lit. Ed. Annual; Pres. A. A., '15-16; Sec. Dramatic Club, '14-15; Crescent Pro. Com., '12, '16; Junior Farce Com., '15; Junior Farce, '15; Tennis, '15; H. S. Entertainment, '16; Sec.-Treas. Class, '13-14.





HELEN KRETCHMAN

"She knows what's what, and that's as high
As metaphysic wit can fly."

Junior Farce, '15.



MAYME JOHNSON

"Devise, wit; write, pen; for I am
Whole volumes in a folio."

Reading Clerk, House of Reps.

CLARA HITZELBERGER

"A sweet and virtuous soul,
Like seasoned timber, never gives."

OTTO KRUGGEL

"But sure he's proud,
And yet his pride becomes him;
He'll make a proper man."

LEONARD ROSE

"I dare do all that may become a man."

Football, '13-14-15; Baseball, '15; Basketball, '13-14-15; Capt., '15-16; Treas. Crescent, '14; Pres. Freshman Class.



ELSIE KRAUSE

"I oft have heard defended
Little said is soonest mended."

LEONARD C. MERCHANT

"His prowess high demands no pompous eulogy,
Ye saw his deeds!"

Pres. Soph. Class; Track, '13, '14, '15, '16; Baseball, '15; Football, '15; Basketball, '15-16.



HAZEL LESSING

"You shall never find her without an answer
Unless you find her without a tongue."

Picture Ed. Annual; Junior Farce, '15.





MARGARET RUPP

"Give me a look, give me a face
That makes simplicity a grace."



GRACE R. STACEY

"Alack! there lies more peril in thine eye
Than twenty of their swords."

Sec. Crescent, '15; Crescent Pro. Com., '12; Junior
Farce Com., '15; Dramatic Club, '15.



CARL SCHOLZ

"The best of men have ever loved repose,
They hate to mingle in the filthy fray of life
More than is their due."

Football, '13-14; Capt., '15; Basketball, '13-14, '14-15,
'15-16; Track, '13, '14, '15, '16; Treas. Crescent, '14-15;
Junior Farce, '15; Athletic Ed. Annual; Speaker
House of Reps., '15; Tennis, '15; H. S. Entertain-
ment, '16.

VIRGINIA McELROY

"A thought ungentle, canna be
A thought o' hers."

Junior Farce, '15.

JOHN SMITH



"To friends a friend, how kind to all."

Football, '15; H. S. Entertainment, '16.

EDNA SCHLUTT

"A true expression, like the unchanging sun
Clears and improves whate'er it shines upon."

Sec.-Treas. Class, '15-16; Recording Clerk, House
of Reps., '15.

FLORINE WOLFF

"True as the dial to the sun
E'en when it be not shined upon."

MADELEINE SCHNADER

"Fair, calm, prudent,
Still with grace in all things gay;
In all, how sage."

Valedictorian; Recording Clerk, House of Reps.,
'16; Junior Farce, '15.





CATHERINE VAIL

"Give me a spark o' nature's fire
That's all the learnin' I desire."



Junior Farce, '15; Recording Clerk, House of Reps.,
'15; Sec.-Treas., Class, '14-15.

LAVERNE WILLIAMS

"I never mind trifles!
Care killed a cat once."

Football, '16; Junior Farce, '15; Dramatic Club,
'14-15; Tennis, '15; H. S. Entertainment, '16.

DAISY TONKIN

"Tis not a lip or eye we beauty call
But the joint force and full result of all."



LAWRENCE WHITE

"I shall ne'er beware of mine own wit
'Til I break my shins against it."



Vice-Pres. Soph. Class; Pres. Crescent, '16; Dra-
matic Club, '14-15; Junior Farce, '15.



FRANCES TARBELL

"A true heart is the truest of all things human."

Basketball '12-'13, Capt. '13-'14; Crescent Pro. Com. '13;
Mgr. Girls' Athletics '16.

1916 Class Song

Sung to the tune of "Here's to the Good Old Flag, Boys."

Here's to the Junior Class, boys,
Here's to our High School days;
Here's to our good old teachers,
Faithful and kind always.
Here's to the Junior girls, boys,
The best girls ever seen.
Here's to the Junior Class, boys,
The class of old sixteen.

S. Johnson, '16.

Senior Sentiments

Somewhere, far in the misty future, our lives await us. Our *real* lives, I mean, with their struggles and trials already woven in the web. But back of us lie four happy years, fraught with memories of youth, never to be excelled. It is said that the four years of High School are the best of one's life. Have we made ours so? Looking back, there are many things we could have done differently, many things we might have accomplished that were left undone, but as a whole, is this bit of the web so poorly woven?

We're probably the last class to graduate from the old building. To those who are to come we wish great success in their new environment—still, we are glad to have finished here where we began.

Freshmen we started—green as the proverbial Freshie of history—yet with promise, even then.

Sophomores we became, important, big-headed (a chronic state of Sophomorphism), yet energetic—and necessary to the school.

Then Juniors! How we looked forward to that year with its activities and happiness in doing!

And finally, the dawn of Seniorism! What a year this has been—each one doing their best in spite of all the obstacles to be surmounted. There is a saying from the Chinese that "Glory is not in never falling, but in rising every time you fall." We have striven with the best of our ability to live up to the adage, and have in nowise failed. Partial success is never failure, and each upward stride shows a gain in the things by which men reckon achievement.

Thus has the culmination of our High School life been accomplished. Our class has reached its zenith—but with the thought that the light of our High School days is soon to fade.

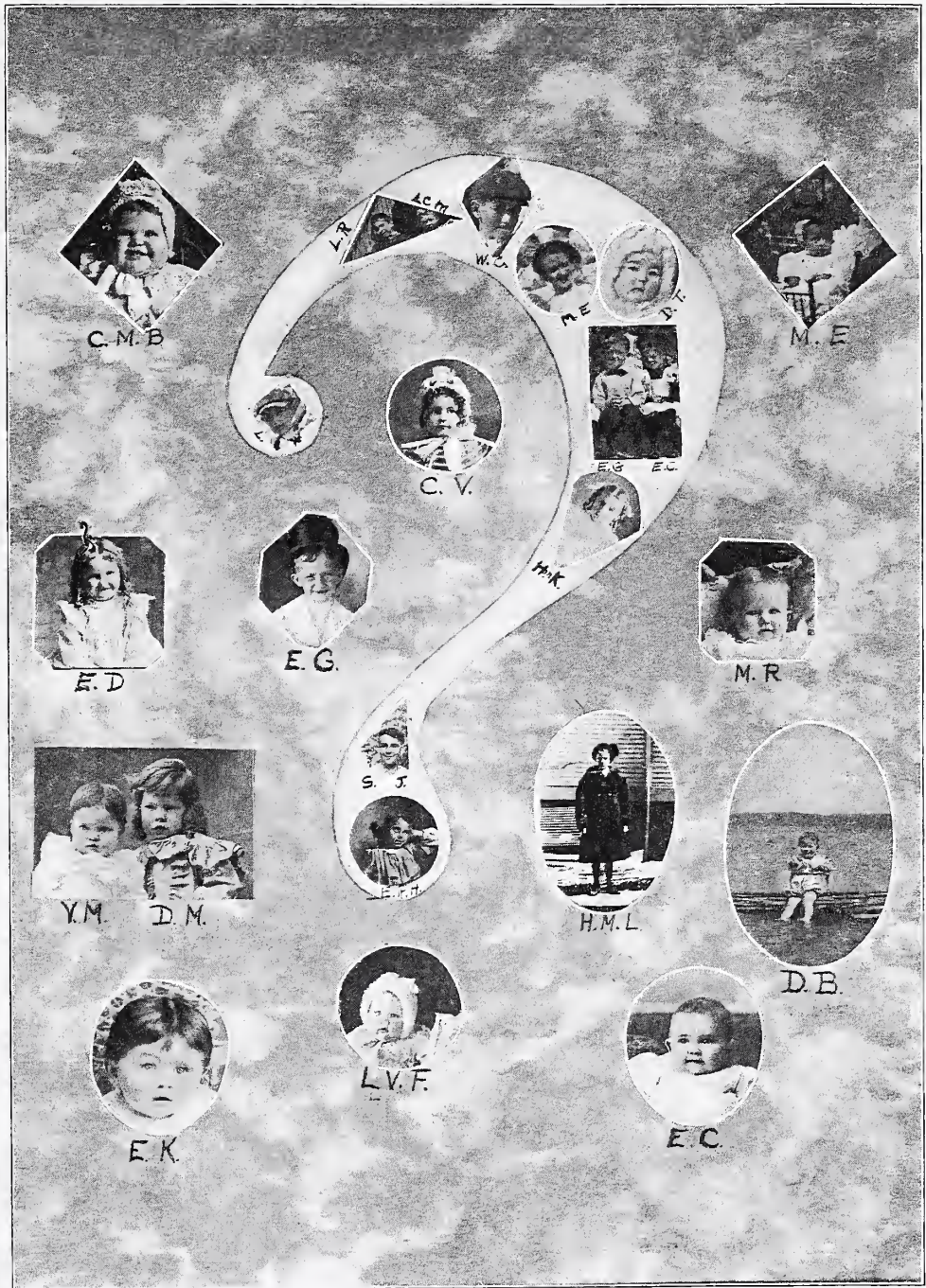
And the old institutions—they're passing with us. From year to year come new ideas and new minds to whom the old customs seem unnecessary and even backward. But to us, fraught with sentiment as they are, they symbolize a feeling—a thought—the *spirit* which pervades us and gives us the loyalty which has so often been tried and is still to be found wanting. The school will be a strange place without them, these old ideas, and we are thankful they have out-lived us.

So before us lies the future. The unfolding picture of our lives is just begun. It holds for us much joy and sorrow—yet, dear old school, we've left within your portals some of the happiest and best years we are destined to live, and it's with regret and sadness that we see approaching the time when we leave you—forever.

As we look back from the future years, seeking inspiration to renew the fight, may we still hear—ringing down through Time, still potent with its significance, the song we, too, have loved and sung so loyally, to stir the hearts in the fight:

"Fight for the honor of her,
Keep up her spirit, brother,
Win for the St. Joe High."

—N. G., '16.



Seniorisms

EDITORIAL COMMENT.—We present this as an example of the all-around qualities of the seniorial mind.

A SONNET TO SLEEP.

Return fond sleep, since morn have I pursued thee.
Even in school I faithfully have worshipped,
Until at last my faith has been dispersed,
Because, when sought, thou did'st deny thyself.
Here in this room with English am I bored,
But thou, false friend, do still evade my eyelids,
Which action do I now pronounce as horrid.
And now at night ever refuse thy bids.
But alas, as now this ode I do compose,
Unbidden thou hast stolen upon me,
And in spite of my protests do eyelids close;
Until again in joyful dreams I see
Visions of paradise, in which no more
I, in English class, abhorred, will be.

EXTRACTS FROM THE GENERAL INFORMATION TEST.

Dickens wrote Ivanhoe.
Shakespeare wrote Franklin's Autobiography.
Scott wrote Franklin's Autobiography.
Scott wrote Evangeline.
Shakespeare wrote Pilgrim's Progress.
Dickens wrote Ivanhoe.
Yellowstone Park is in Oregon.
Brigham Young is Emperor of Japan.
Aaron Burr killed Lincoln.
Pike's Peak is in Italy.
Horace Greeley carried out the irrigation project in the west.
The Mammoth Cave is in North Carolina.
A bird is a small piece of humanity which cannot be eaten. (Cannibals
if we ate them.)

The Yellow and the Blue.

Allegro

Harmonized & Arranged by
Oscar Hatch Hawley

Words and Music by R.B. Whitehead

Here's to the School and all her hats; the one we hon- or

most, The one of which we boast. Here's to the colors grand and true; The yellow and the

blue. Here's to the old grads who have gone; they won while they were here; Let's keep the record clear. Fight for the

honor of her, Keep up your spirit brother, Was for the Saint Joe High!

copyright 1915 by Oscar Hatch Hawley

"FOR OLD ST JOE"

Piano Score
by
Nanette Gowdy '16

Allegro Moderato.

To be played one octave lower

Words and Music

by
William R. Kent '17

Go, Oh St. Joe go and beat 'em fight till your last breath is gone

The first system of musical notation for the piano score. It consists of three staves: a treble staff with a melody, a middle staff with chords, and a bass staff with a bass line. The key signature has one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 4/4. The tempo is marked 'Allegro Moderato'.

Nev-er say that you are bea-ten till the game is won and the battle's over

The second system of musical notation, continuing the melody and accompaniment from the first system.

Ha-ail to the grand old col-ors The yel-low and the blue - So,

The third system of musical notation, continuing the melody and accompaniment.

play fair and square + fight with all your might for Old Saint Joe

The fourth system of musical notation, concluding the piece. It includes a 'cres.' (crescendo) marking and a final flourish.

Copyright 1916
by William R. Kent '17



(The Editor apologizes for using last year's cartoon, and in explanation can only say that he wishes he could solve the mystery of the disappearance of this year's caricature.)



Junior Jargon

Far away there seemed to be a light, a bright, gleaming thing. Could it be a star? No!—Think again; someone reaches for it but does not get it, the radiant object. He tries again and again, but with the same ill luck. A second, a little older person, also clutches for the brightness, even longer than the first, and lo!—he obtains it! It is—yes, it is a diploma! The first person named is a Junior, because he worked for, but did not quite get, that which he tried for. The last one is called a Senior because he worked longer and harder than the first, and was a little older, thus winning it. Hard work and a long time won for that which every one yearns, the long sought—diploma! But the Junior will eventually get the object of his desire. A bit more time, a little more work, is what he needs. So the Juniors of '17 are working and clutching for their credits. They will soon get them and thus gain the bright diploma.

Certain points in the Junior year must be scored before the class may be termed a success, and before the diploma may be rightfully won. First—the class should be represented by men in athletic work—football, basketball, baseball, tennis, track and anything else which may be put forth in the school. '17 has been represented in each of these sports by two or perhaps more men.

Second—there is the band, of which all have heard, with '17 well represented in the organization. And the orchestra, another worthy institution, is also upheld by the Junior members to a great extent.

Third—a play must be given called the Junior Farce. This year's—"Looking for Mary Jane"—promises great success.

Next—the social life must have a place. This was fulfilled in the Junior-Senior Prom, and soon other class parties will probably bring other successes.

Then—"Last, the best of all the game," is the work that must be done. A Junior, one must gain a foothold by hard work in preparation for the culminating year, as Seniors.

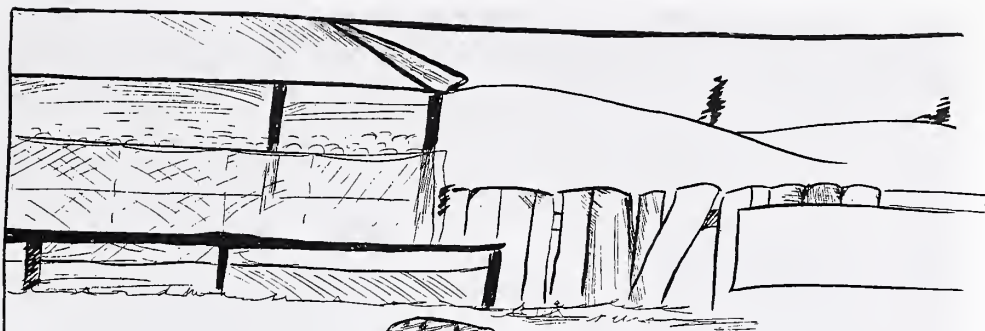
This is the first year in which outside people have not asked, "Are you Freshmen?" Do you suppose that we have looked so "green" every other year? This, also, is the only year that the Freshmen do not say, "The old stuck-ups," or "smarties." But instead, now that we are Juniors, they merely say, "I guess so, the Juniors said it was that way."

Glancing across the page you will see the reason for '17's notoriety. We are all happy, and "Happiness rules the world."

So the year rolls around and we pass into Seniorism. But all hail the Junior '17's—class of honor, happiness and achievement.

B. Truscott, '17.





Hello
Girls!

SADY'S



Sophomore Soup

As the years roll on, the class of "Freshies" which arrived way back in '14 have become Sophomores, and a right honorable class of the Yellow and the Blue.

We were "Freshies," first, like any of you, but not "just Freshies" long—we showed our unity and class spirit from the first. The Freshman dance, in '15, was the best all around success of all the attempts of that year, not omitting those dances "enjoyed" by the upper classmen.

Along with the glory we took our "medicine" and prepared to enjoy the results of the dose.

We have always contributed our share to the various athletics of the school. We claim Schreiber and Zick from the championship basket-ball team of 1915-16, which will always have a big place in the annals of the High School. We also claim several players of the foot-ball teams of 1914 and 1915.

Notwithstanding our ability to produce good men in all branches of athletics, we have a few sharks in the class-room, although we had the reputation of being a class which tried to get through "via the route of least resistance." That was only as Freshmen. We are Sophomores now, and have outgrown that loathsome title, having passed it down to the present Freshman class.

The vice-president, secretary and treasurer of the Crescent Society were chosen from our ranks, and with this majority of the officers, we will work for the betterment of the Crescent Society, and the whole of the St. Joe High, just so far as it is in our power.

—Guy Crehore, '18.

(It's all in the way you look at it.—THE EDITOR.)





WETTED



Freshman Foolishness

The people of this age have a wrong opinion of Freshmen. Listen; here are a few questions. When there is chalk in the ink-wells, who puts it there? Freshmen? Never. But we are blamed. When books are stacked, do the Freshmen do it? Never. When anyone makes a disturbance in the assembly, who does it? Freshmen? Never. (What?) We seem to be blamed for all of these deeds, but broad-minded people can plainly see that such things are not performed by innocent Freshmen, because, living up to our reputation, we have to be innocent *babes*.

In the assemblies we study so hard that the teachers are really worried about us. (Worried to think that in a few days we will be taking two or perhaps no subjects at all.) We manage to get through in half a dozen years and, can you believe it, some of the brilliant ones get through in five!

But, to come down to bare facts for a change! We will complete our high-school course in four years. We are not like the Sophomores, who try to amuse us, or rather, try to make us think they do not have to study. *And* it certainly does amuse us when they remain "Sophs" for two years! We wouldn't mind being Freshmen forever, but to be a Sophomore for more than one year would disgrace us for life.

"But," you ask, "what has this class of 1919 done?"

One thing—we painted 1919 all over the sidewalks to make people realize our existence; we furnished a man for the football team; we had good players on the second team of basketball; *and* we had a very artistic and attractive table at the Crescent Banquet, even though it was our first attempt at decorating. In the center of our table we had a small Ford covered with our class colors, so, "We're not so slow," after all.

We're trying to make something of ourselves, and aim to push until, indeed, we reach the top. Our ideals are high, and, considering that, our class as a whole is one to be proud of. And so, we claim to be as good a Freshman class as St. Joseph ever had, and in the coming years may it not be "as good" but always "the best."

J. Morse, '19.







Football

The Football season this year, taken on the basis of games won, was a total failure. No games were won, and only one was tied. But take into consideration the teams we played! Every one represents a school at least twice as large as ours and in the case of Muskegon and South Bend, five or six times as large.

All the fellows that tried out, whether they made the team or not, deserve great credit for the effort they put forth, and for the great improvement they showed between the first and last games. Coach Gardner certainly deserves credit for the way he whipped the green material that started into that good, scrappy organization which held the Alumni to a tie on Thanksgiving Day. Surely no High School supporter was ashamed of the showing we made that day against a much heavier bunch, who plainly expected a walkaway.

Now with all this improvement and determination shown by the team, I say the season was not a failure, but a success.

LETTER MEN

Kent	Williams	Coder	L. Rose
Shull	Crehore (Capt. Elect)	Merchant	C. Rose
Smith	Alkins	Bushnell	Scholz (Capt.)

GAMES

St. Joe 0	Dowagiac . . . 25	St. Joe 0	South Haven . 20
St. Joe 0	Muskegon . . . 73	St. Joe 20	South Bend . . 68
St. Joe 14	Holland 45	St. Joe 7	Dowagiac . . . 49
	St. Joe 6	Alumni 6	

Senior-Ally Game

On Thursday, October 14, Mr. Merrill dumbfounded the three lower classes and faculty when he read a challenge which read something like this:

"We, the undersigned, hereby challenge a picked team composed of Freshmen, Sophomores, Juniors and Faculty, to a football game."

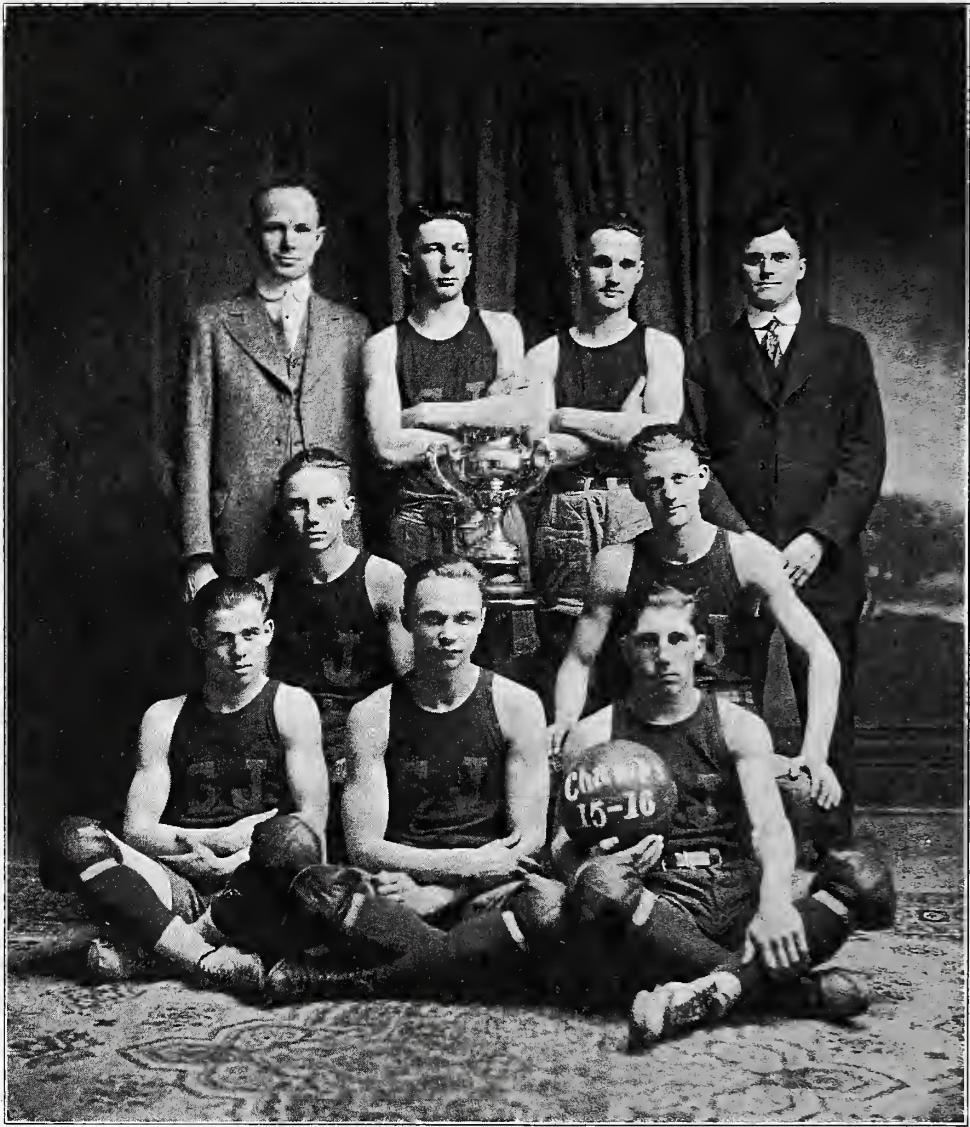
—*The Senior Class.*

This challenge was at once accepted by the Allies, as they called themselves, and at 3:30 P. M. on Wednesday, the 20th, the great game was played.

It really was some game! The Allies managed to get away with a drop kick in the second quarter (this by the way, is the only field goal scored by a St. Joe man in three seasons! Good for C. Rose!) The Seniors, however got busy in the fourth quarter and Williams scored a touchdown which won the game.

Rah! Rah! Rah! Rah! Seniors!

—*Scholz, '16.*



Basketball

Who says we can't play basketball? If such there are, please read this little record and change your tune!

St. Joseph won the Berrien County Basketball Championship in the most exciting finish of the most exciting triple tie that can be imagined; and we have the Warren Cup firmly fixed in the assembly room, from which we hope and trust it will never be moved, except to be transferred to the new building.

The season opened with some thirty hopefuls reporting for practice. This number soon dwindled to fifteen, at which size the squad remained during the rest of the season. Much credit should be given the second team for the opposition and practice they provided the first team.

The regular county schedule closed with Niles, Benton Harbor and Saint Joseph tied for first place, each having lost two games. The County Board then met, when it was agreed that each team should play the other two teams once on the non-participating school's floor. This resulted in each team winning one and losing one game, and thus tying it all up again. The County Board met for the second time to settle this matter, and this time agreed to play the tie off in one night at Silver Beach skating rink. St. Joseph was to play Niles for twenty minutes, and then play Benton Harbor for twenty minutes, after which Niles and Benton Harbor were to play. Any team winning two of the games was to receive the championship.

Well, St. Joseph did it.

LETTER MEN

L. Rose (Captain)	Right Guard
Merchant	Left Guard
Scholz	Center
Schreiber	Left Forward
Gustafson	Right Forward

RESERVE LETTERS

C. Rose	Zick
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COUNTY LEAGUE GAMES

St. Joseph. 52	Watervliet 17	St. Joseph. 55	Coloma 21
St. Joseph. 89	Coloma 3	St. Joseph. 25	Niles 16
St. Joseph. 43	Eau Claire 20	St. Joseph. 17	Benton Harbor . 11
St. Joseph. 20	Benton Harbor 21	St. Joseph. 20	Benton Harbor . 17
St. Joseph. 75	Watervliet 8	St. Joseph. 20	Niles 26
St. Joseph. 29	Niles 33	St. Joseph. 14	Niles 8
St. Joseph. 15		Benton Harbor . 11	

OUTSIDE GAMES

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Our Team of 1915-16

ORIGINAL POEM BY JOSEPHINE MORSE, FRESHMAN.

The moon had risen,
The sun had set,
And my poem begins already yet!
Out from a car there came a noise,
A bunch of happy girls and boys.
And as the bell had ceased to ring
Which told the people everything,
They all went home in solitude
To rest their little heads of wood,
And each Mama could surely tell
That her little boy had done real well.

The first name that I will mention
Will be Rose, who without intention
Climbs the whole way up the wall,
And that is not saying all,
For he takes the ball with him too
And always manages to get it through.

Merchant, as we heard Mr. Merrill say,
Is always the one who is in the way;
If the other team ever gets the ball
L. M. is always at that end of the hall.
There is no other town, I know,
That appreciates him like St. Joe.

Our grandest center is "Germany,"
A better center you'll never see.
He's always sure to do his part
And it is right from the start.
We will remember some future day
What a good part he took in this play.

Schreiber is the next in view;
He, too, has a part to do.
Every time he plays a game
His good work is just the same.
And he's always fighting so
For this grand town, Old St. Joe.

Gusty appears next on the screen,
Every game he plays is clean;
When he pitches baskets from afar,
His name goes up as St. Joe's star.
I think I'll leave the rest to you,
What is there in basket-ball he cannot do?

Now who has coached them all this year?
'Tis W. E. Gardner, and I fear
Our team would not have been so good
If he had not always understood
That training them and keeping up
Would bring to us the Warren Cup.

On a whole our team is grand,
And I'll have you understand
There's no other team I know
That can come up to old St. Joe.



Track

What a big word that has come to be to us! A few years ago it was meaningless in our ears; today, it is vibrant—with its fullness of success.

Early our "two man track team" started their training—and now reap the benefits.

Scholz and Merchant went to Kalamazoo May 6, and, came home with 2nd place in the whole meet, only Grand Rapids out-scoring us. We were astonished that we should win over so many big schools. How could we help it when Merchant won two firsts and a second, losing individual honors by 1-3 of a point, and "Dutch", whom a sprained hand kept out of the shot-put, came first and second in the broad and high jump respectively.

Athletic Management

Athletics were for the most part under the control of Faculty Manager E. J. Merrill. A large part of their success, and a part that increases in importance each time it is reviewed, is due to the efficient and careful work of the manager, the high order of our Coach's ability, and the co-operation between these two men. It is a pleasure to know that the success of our teams was in no way jeopardized by management that was not of the same high order.

Part of the funds for the maintenance of athletics was derived from the student blanket tax, a system left over from last year. This tax was the payment of seventy-five cents a semester, and purely voluntary, for which the student was made a member of the High School Athletic Association, and admitted to all contests held under its direction. Partly to increase the desirability of membership in the association, and partly in deference to a sentiment for more student voice in the control of athletics, it was decided to organize the Athletic Association under a constitution revised from previous organizations. This provided for the usual officers and established a Board of Control, which consists of the Superintendent, the Principal, the President of the Athletic Association, a member selected by the faculty, a member from the tax-paying members of the Association to represent the boys, and one to represent the girls. They have authority in matters pertaining to athletic policy, and control of all matters affecting the Association in general. They also have the function of electing separate managers for boys' and girls' athletics, and of electing a student to represent the school with a Faculty representative in the County Association.

ORGANIZATION

President	Nannene Gowdy
Vice-President	Stanley Johnson
Secretary	Margaret Brown
Treasurer	E. P. Clarke
Manager Boys' Athletics	Conant Hatch
Manager Girls' Athletics	Frances Tarbell

Board of Control	{	E. P. Clarke
		E. J. Merrill
		Nannene Gowdy
		Miss Grier
		John Smith
		Eugenia Blake

Organizations



Crescent

Have you ever heard people speak about our unity as remarkable? Probably. And have you ever told them of one of the chief factors in it?

Some twenty years ago, a literary society was formed here in High School, its ultimate aim and purpose being literary. Doubtless, its founders never dreamed that in 1916 that society would still exist, having been, through its span of life, one of the most potent, vital parts of this High School body. But so it has proved! Aside from its literary accomplishments, it has meant more complete unity among the students themselves and in their relations with the faculty. The fact that *all*, by virtue of being members of the High School alone, were a part of it, has eliminated all the troubles and jealousies bred by conflicting organizations.

So it has lived—and grown! From a small attempt, it has broadened and improved, accomplishing much. For a number of years the only outside talent enjoyed in this town was furnished by the Crescent Lecture Course. And, who can ever forget the banquets? We have given plays, too, one-act farces, and succeeded so admirably as to arouse great interest in the town. But, mostly, it has formed common ground, where all the students and the faculty can meet, and either add something to or participate in the enjoyment. And for this reason the Crescent Society holds a place in our hearts and our High School life inestimable, and without it there will be a void, which can never be filled, though perhaps forgotten.

The High School now is outgrowing Crescent. It has nearly reached the point where it is too large for such an organization to exist. The pupils and their interests have become more varied with the years; so much so, in fact, that the society will probably within a short time yield place to others more numerous and less comprehensive.

But during its years of life, it has been an influence that can never be calculated. It has meant more than any one of its members can express fully, and so it is with sadness, almost, that we see its decline, which, inevitably, will mean its passing.

But success to it in the life that is left, is the wish of every person, old or young, who has ever worked and suffered as a member of the Crescent Society.

Freshman and Sophomore Literary Societies

The literary societies of the Freshman and Sophomore classes were finally launched and approved of, as worthy projects, by the members of the faculty, in the latter part of March.

They were organized for the purpose of bettering their respective members in parliamentary law, public speaking, literature and general conduct, and were carried on throughout the rest of the year with a goodly spirit of interest and enthusiasm.

The meetings were held regularly each week and committees were appointed to furnish the material for the programs, thus affording each member a chance to take part in some way.

At the beginning of each term—which lasted six weeks—new officers were elected in the places of the former president, vice-president, secretary, literary critic and parliamentary critic.

The idea of having literary societies has been so beneficial to the students and has proved such a success that it is the wish of all the members that it be continued in the ensuing year.

A. Gowdy, '19.

House of Representatives

The House of Representatives, newly instituted last year, was again organized quite early in the fall of 1915, with a membership consisting of the Junior and Senior classes.

For the first half of the term Carl Scholz presided, with Mayme Johnson reading clerk and Madeleine Schnader recording clerk. The last half, Stanley Johnson occupied the chair as speaker, with Esther Barlow as reading clerk and Elsie Dahlstrom recording clerk.

The parliamentary drill obtained in the meetings was inestimably valuable. And, true to established custom, the arguments often waxed hot and furious. What startling facts were thus revealed! However, many who had never been heard from before became vigorous assailers or defendants of a particular cause, and aired their opinions for the benefit of all, thus gaining much for themselves, and encouraging others.

Ability to speak concisely and effectively on one's feet is an accomplishment not to be lightly considered. And, as a means toward cultivating this, the House of Representatives has more than repaid for the time it took.

Next year, we hope much more enthusiasm may be worked up. The institution deserves a place in High School life because of its evident value. With a little more systematic management, and a little more interest among the students, it surely will become what it has already promised—a great success.



High School Band

A few months ago marked a new era in the history of the St. Joseph High School Band. A man was procured who knew what he was doing, and who soon won his way into the hearts of the boys. He tried them a little while on some old pieces, and soon, through his training, they were able to take up more difficult things. Then they were asked to play at the basketball games. Here they received applause that spoke well for the work of Mr. Byers. They put in good, hard, consistent practice for the game between Niles and St. Joseph, and there they won much favorable comment. They played whether it was cold or warm, demonstrating their spirit at the game in Benton Harbor, when it was so cold that some could not play on account of frozen valves.

For a while, matters looked very bad financially, and there was talk of disbanding. But the fellows were bound to keep it going, so each of them promised to pay a given amount to help insure the existence of the organization. The rest of the money was to be donated by outside sources. After the basketball season was over, they were hired by the merchants to play every Saturday afternoon and evening. Each one pledged a certain amount each week, on condition that the band played for a short time in front of their respective places of business. They responded very readily, and even now they have more promises for donations from the people in the downtown district.

Soon after this arrangement was made, they met in the Chamber of Commerce to organize and put the band on a systematic basis. The officers elected were: President, Arthur Manley; Secretary, William Kent; Treasurer, E. P. Clarke; Chairman of the Collection Committee, Gordon Riley. They also decided that the money the band received was to be put into a common fund, instead of being divided among the players.

So they have done their share. At all of the out-of-town games they have been a prominent feature. They played at the Booster Meeting at Glenlord, accompanying the Chamber of Commerce there, and putting another success on their already long list.

As it looks now, they have a clear path before them, their financial problems are nearly settled—a number of engagements, and their popularity distinctly in the ascendancy.

Cornets	Walter Karsten	Altos	Roscoe Smith
	Phillip Bushnell		Melvin Roe
	John Ritchie		Harlan Stoneman
	Paul Harner	Trombones ..	Arthur Manley
	Franklin Gowdy		Gordon Riley
Piccolo	Horace Manley	Bass Drum...	William Kent
Baritone	Walter Clarke	Snare Drum..	Paul Ketcher
Clarinets	Wm. Sheehan		Clarke Bradley
	Russel Harner	Bass	Louis Kerlikowski
	Charles Loeffler		Mr. Byers
	Lee Willis	Director	Mr. George Byers

—Walter Clarke, '16.



Orchestra

One of the institutions of our High School, of which we are most proud, is the orchestra. Started last year, it has grown and improved until now it is indeed a valuable asset.

Here again, Mr. Byers has shown his ability, and produced excellent results. What would our Crescent meetings have been without the orchestra? Even though people did dance in the hall?

And at the banquet! Our chests swelled with pride and our feet kept time in spite of us as we *really danced* to their good music.

Their last appearance this year was at the Chamber of Commerce frolic. They did nobly in spite of the noise made by some 2,500 people.

Oh! Indeed we are the proud possessors of such an illustrious organization—and may their success continue for the good of the school, the town, and themselves.

William Sheehan	Clarinet
Gordon Riley	Trombone
Philip Bushnell	Coronet
Alma Gowdy	First Violin
Arthur Manley	First Violin
Louis Kerlikowski	Second Violin
Kathryn Freitag	Second Violin
Clarke Bradley	'Cello
Paul Ketcher	Drums
Katherine Manley	Piano
Mr. Byers, Director	Coronet



Oratory and Declamation

Even though the number of aspirants this year in both oratory and declamation were rather limited, much has been done. Our only contestant in oratory, Donald Bushnell, through the excellence of his oration, "The Purposeful Life," and his forceful delivery, brought home honors from the sub-district contest held at Hartford, April 21.

This qualified him to enter the district contest held here, in which he secured second place, first going to Miss Aimee Renkes, of Hastings.

In the line of declamation, good work was also shown. Winning first place here, Miss Frances Heartt took second place at the Hartford sub-district contest.

On the whole, the results were very encouraging. Another year we hope to possess a good debating team, and more good orators, well trained, enthusiastic and successful. So far, there has been little interest in this line of work—but there is great opportunity for some people, if they'd only realize it. Next year we hope to see a good line of contestants in oratory, declamations and debating. The school needs it! Do your part toward making it a success.

Domestic Science

One of the most appreciated, and surely one of the most successful branches of the school, lies in our Domestic Science department. Although a practically new institution, its accomplishments are already many.

The faculty dinner was their first venture, and it was declared a huge success. Then came the dinner for the School Board, another proof of their ability.

And then, one day, someone had a brilliant inspiration. Why not have weekly luncheons? Surely, but for whom? Another bright thought! Let various groups of girls entertain their respective mothers, in turn. Poor mother! But listen: worse yet, the cost of the meal was not to exceed one dollar! And, do you know, they are still doing it?—And mighty successful luncheons they are, too. But it took *real* planning to do it all on a dollar!

One day the girls heard that the grades of the Garfield building were to give an entertainment. Speedily, preparations were made, and lo! a *real* candy sale—and new equipment.

And finally, one thing more! The boys looked so hungry after their long period of training and had such a lot coming to them, that plans were made for a banquet for the winners of the Warren Basketball Cup! And eat! You should have seen them!

But back of all this is a person without whom these things could not have been done. Had it not been for Miss Hathaway, the Domestic Science teacher, there would have been no culinary triumphs—and to her we give the credit.

Ahead lies a bright future. The equipment of the new building and the department itself will be a thing of which we can be justly proud. And with such a record in the past, surely the future, with its greater promises, will bring bigger and better things, which mean even greater attainment.

A Fairy Tale

ETHEL CODER

The Princess "Likyu" lived in the "Would that it were land." Her father was the king of this country—a very strict, stern old man.

She had often heard of Prince "Likmie," who lived in "Just This Land," and finally through a messenger from "his" land she received a letter from him telling how he had heard of her. So the little Prince and Princess wrote to each other from their widely separated homes.

One day the Prince's country sent him with a companion to the Princess' land. When the King of "Would that it Were Land" saw the Prince, he forbade his daughter to meet him, because he disliked the boy's nation. He sent the Princess out in his vineyard to pick grapes.

But, then a little fellow, who is ever found in the realm of "Would that it Were Land," came and whispered to the Prince, "Do not fail, my boy, my friend—do not fail her or yourself—for you have both waited for this time for many weeks. Did you wait in vain? Come, follow me and I will show you to the vineyard." The Prince's heart was exceedingly glad and he followed.

But as they walked he found himself following the girl's companion, instead of the little god. He questioned her—she only smiled and beckoned him to follow, and he did.

Soon they came to the vineyard where the Princess was picking the luscious fruit from the vines. They surprised her very much and so it happened that Prince "Likmie" met the little Princess "Likyu." He thought her a wondrous maid. The time was quickly passed and Prince "Likmie" had to leave "Would that it Were Land"—and then his heart was sad.

He vowed to cherish his new-found friend forever and a day. Thus they parted, to wend their separate ways until that little god would once more intervene with Fate in their behalf.

The Prince returned to his own land. His heart was filled with gladness, for hadn't he met the Princess whom he had longed to meet for so long a time?

He went to the court functions, played the court games, and met the daughters of the nobles, but they did not appeal to him. Away down in his heart he had an ideal and how far from equalling it were any of these women. As time went on the Prince began to want the Princess very much and he planned and planned but to no avail.

One day a message came to the court inviting the people of "Just This Land" to engage in a tournament in the land of "Would that it Were Land." The Prince's heart was made joyous, but, soon his dream was dispelled, for the Prince's father refused to enter the people of his land in the tournament.

And then a second plan was entered upon. Prince Likmie planned on entering a tournament in a distant country—on the way to which he would have to stay a few days in the Princess' country.

But this time the other nation refused and again the Prince was filled with sadness.

But, it is said, "Every cloud has a silver lining." 'Tis true. The silver to the Prince's was the letters he received from the Princess, and, as time passed, he planned and wondered for the day that must come to pass when they should meet again.

Thus they kept up their writing, and weekly messengers passed over the boundary of "Just This Land" to "Would that it Were Land," and back again.

Sometimes, during the height of his fun and games, the Prince forgot his Princess, but always when alone he dreamed of her. At night, when the stars from heaven were watching over her as she slept, his thoughts and his prayers were mounting the heavens to plead for her protection and happiness before the throne of the "All-Giver."

And one day the faithful messenger brought a letter to him that filled him with gladness—for it was a letter after his own heart.

A few days later, just before going against the enemy on the field of battle he sent his answer, which she received with a great deal of happiness.

When the battle was over he was to come and prove to her father that he was a hero among men. When he came to that country—"her" land—he was to come through what was called the "Enchanted Forest." No man had ever come through there alive. If he did he was to receive the hand of the Princess.

About two weeks later the Princess was out in her garden picking roses. She heard a step and turning around saw "Her Prince." I will leave to your imagination their meeting.

They went to her father and there the Prince told of his adventures in the Mysterious Forest.

Of course the King was very much surprised to see him, as he never expected to see him come out of the Forest alive.

The King gave his consent to their marriage, and two weeks later the wedding of the little "Prince Likmie" and the "Princess Likyu" took place in the presence of the whole court.

IN MEMORIAM

On a quiet beautiful evening, on the shores of Lake Michigan, our Scandal Page was born. For some time she lay undisturbed in true serenity. Such times cannot be forever, and so she met the trials of maturity. But the tragedy of her life. Just as she was about to come into her own, to put the final consummate touch to our book, she died.

O, Scandal Page, we mourn thee. The contemplation of thee, adorning our book was the inspiration of our staff life. Thou wert the victim of unhappy circumstances. Thou art gone, and forever, but there remains the memory, and to perpetuate this memory this page is dedicated.

(We apologize for not being able both to have the Scandal Page, and for not being able to explain its history. We, who know, ask your sympathy.)

Cornerstones

"Nope!" said Jim, resolutely thrusting his hands in his pockets, "no use talking fellows, I'm not going to high school! I'm just learning the trade now and I'm going to keep at it. Seems pretty nice to have money in your pocket. Hear it?"

"But Jim—"

"Oh, stow it! I know what you're going to say. Spare your breath! Better men than you have told me the same thing and it didn't change my mind."

"Better men!"

"Down him, fellows."

"S-s-sit on 'im!"

What boy ever overlooked the chance for a rough and tumble? There was a sudden, confused tangle of arms and legs. Buttons parted company with button holes, while overtaxed seams gave up the ghost and yawned vacantly. Three against one decided the tussle from the beginning, and Jim Randolph presently found himself flat on his back, with three more or less weighty youths reposing on various portions of his anatomy.

Tunk occupied his chest. Between gasps he was saying, "T-t-take it b-b-back, darn you!" meanwhile giving him an occasional dig in the ribs to emphasize his remarks. "Th-think you know everything, huh? Too smart to w-waste time in High School. G-g-got everything in your d-d-darned old nut already, huh?"

"No, that isn't it. You know it isn't. Lemme up and I'll tell you how it is with me."

"Yes," seconded Whitie. "Yes, let him up before he hits me another lick with those number ten brogans of his. If I don't have a shiner tomorrow my name's Jack Robinson—Sunday, too! Darn you, anyway, Dolph. Anybody with concealed weapons like that should be prosecuted to the full extent of the law!" Whitie glared at him, his one rapidly darkening eye making the performance laughable rather than awe-inspiring.

"Sorry, Whitie, but you know I'm not the light and quick little actor with my feet that you are. Send Doc in your place. She likes his buzz wagon anyhow. Don't keep the poor girl from a little enjoyment.

For a moment hostilities threatened, but Tunk and the "Kaiser" interfered and the boys settled down quietly, to talk the matter over.

"You see it's this way," Dolph said. "High school's a fine thing for a fellow who can afford it. I can't. Neither the money nor those four years. There isn't any way of making them up."

"But, Jim, you could earn—"

"No, I couldn't. I looked all that up. High school chaps don't earn any more to start with than I do now, and one man said he'd rather have a grammar grade boy that a high school 'smart aleck.'"

Yellow and Blue were victorious. Dolph and Tunk gravely shook hands with each other in congratulations. Then they started for the dressing room.

Whitie, in spick and span clothing, loomed up.

"Look out, Tunk, Whitie'll be wishing some other girls on you and you'll be hauled up for introductions if you don't watch out. Come on this way!"

The boys ducked behind the bleachers just in time to escape Whitie, who had a worried look, which told he was up to his arranging again. He looked around, peered into the dressing room, then went on.

"G-g-gosh! Got away just in t-time. M-most had us. D-duck, he's coming back!"

This time Whitie left for good and Dolph and Tunk went on, happy to have escaped. Girls made a fellow feel so darned uncomfortable!

In the spring came track, and there Tunk shone. His feet more than made up for the speed and nimbleness his tongue lacked, and he came flying down the cinder track bringing three first into the Maize and Blue camp.

The Kaiser, too, set his long legs jumping and there seemed no limit which he could not reach.

When the freshman term had ended, Coach Marshall had Dolph's willing promise to return the next year.

And so three years went by, in much the same way, each growing richer as it passed. Sometimes it was just pure, uninteresting plugging, but always it was worth while, and steadily Dolph and Tunk learned to play the game to the best of their ability, to give the utmost of loyalty and devotion to the good of many, rather than the few.

They know the glory of winning in the class room, and the equal joys of victory on the basketball floor, on the gridiron, on the track. They learned, too, that the crowd stands by the winner—that score alone counts. They learned to size up an opponent and give him his just due; and, best of all, learned when they were beaten fairly, that a good loser is the best of all sportsmen.

"Use the old head," was Marshall's advice.

And so, as I say, three years went by, and it was Commencement. Madeleine had given her valedictory and Nannene her salutatory, and they had sung "Here's to the school and all her host," as a class. The band caught it up and played as the people left the auditorium.

Dolph stood in front of the school, waiting. The crowds were banked up in queer masses and he stood staring at them. Tunk found his way to his side.

"What are you l-looking at, old scout?"

"Look, Tunk. There's a college over there, and that's a schoolhouse there, and that's my team scrimmaging over there. See 'em?"

"B-bats! 'M-m-much learning hath made thee mad.' C-come on—don't keep the g-girls w-waiting!"

—Leonard Rose, '16.

A Civil War Anecdote

MR. PROCTER.

PREFACE: Many times the High School has had the great pleasure of listening to one of Mr. Procter's fascinating tales. And, each time, they are more so. There is no one we welcome more gladly, or to whose talks we look forward more expectantly. So we wished at least one of them preserved, and, this being the only way, have put it here—to the interest of all, we are sure.—*The Editor.*

At four o'clock on a cold, dark, March morning, Mr. Procter set out from Fort Gibson in Oklahoma, with a troop of men to protect him. It was a small fort, surrounded by forests and approached by muddy, winding paths. The forests were a splendid place for ambush—both for the Indians, who were very numerous, and for the enemy—since this was their territory. The roads were not only muddy and winding, but often narrow, and in the heart of the forest. It was necessary for one to be very cautious.

After traveling until nearly noon, horses and men were tired and thirsty. In a clearing was a small farmhouse, which looked quite peaceful. Although he did not know what would be the outcome, Mr. Procter left his companions about half a mile from the cottage, and rode up to the steps.

At his knock a kindly-faced woman opened the door. When she saw him she threw it open so wide that two little girls in the background nearly fell over. She asked him to come in, with so much welcome in her voice that Mr. Procter was very much surprised. However, he did not let it overcome him, and remembering why he had come, asked permission for the use of the pump and watering trough.

"Yes indeed," she said, "and you come right into the house and rest. I wouldn't think of your being outdoors."

Mr. Procter was very glad of this opportunity for resting for an hour or so. While there he heard one of his most delightful anecdotes, and since he has been so generous in repeating it, we must be likewise.

Mrs. Elisha Gray, for that was the woman's name, had come with her husband to this land nine years before, as a bride. She had helped build the cottage and clear away the land about it. They had lived peacefully for seven years and made friends with the neighbors of the community and cared for their little girls, as any American farmer might.

When news came of the impending war, the neighbors had a meeting. They were peaceful farmers for the most part, and decided to join the

Abolitionists in New Orleans. Mr. Gray volunteered to go and so, one bright morning, he set out for New Orleans, to be gone six months.

But six months may wonderfully change a person, a community, or a nation. More light was brought on the subject from both sides, and having once become interested, the neighbors of Elisha Gray turned a great deal of their time to discussing the rights of the South, until they became enthusiastic supporters of the Confederates.

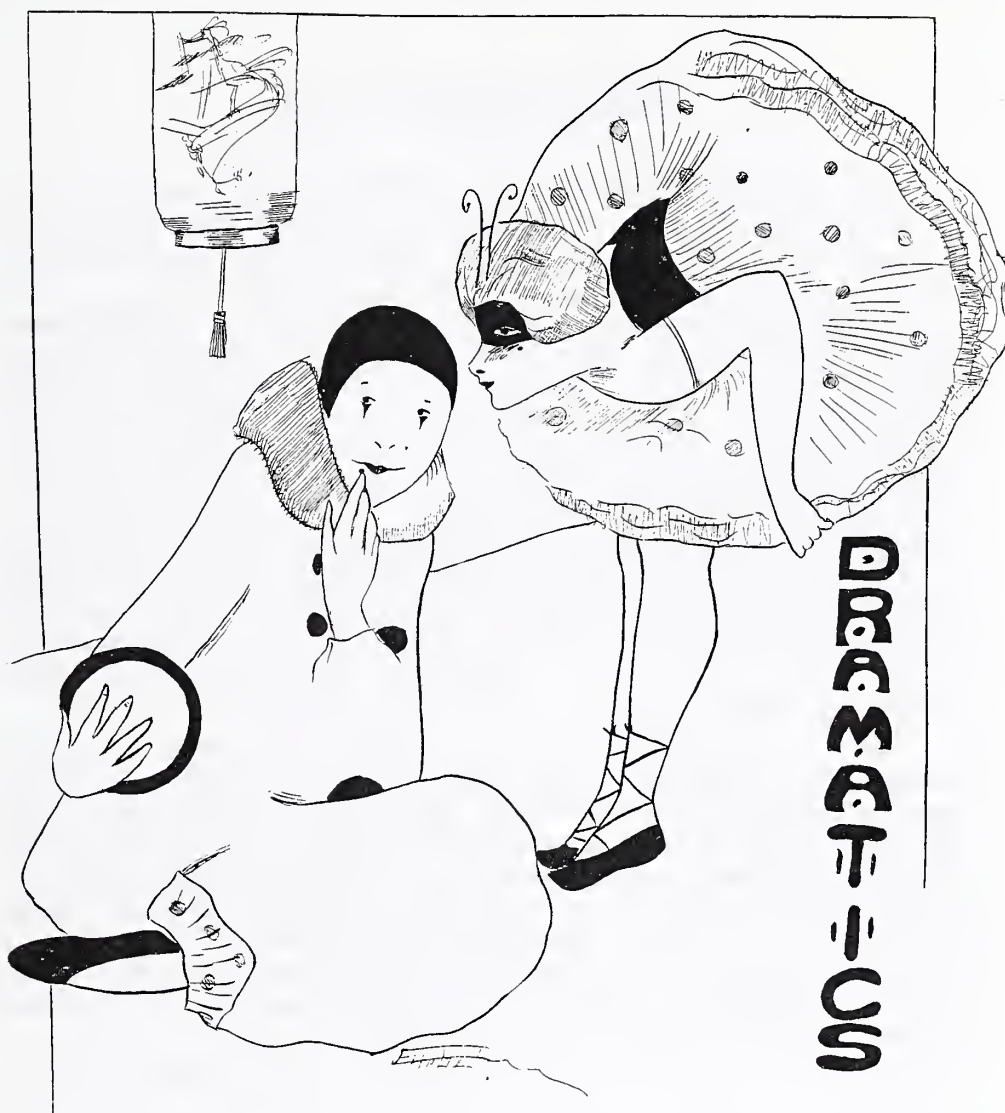
When Mr. Gray came back, he was also enthusiastic, but for the opposite side. It didn't take the people—nor him—long to discover that they were his enemies. He was given notice to depart at once—or they'd help him out with tar and feathers.

The poor man could do nothing alone, so after a night of intermittent torture and prayer, he left, with a determined face, for the ranks of the North.

Did Mrs. Gray sit down and weep, neglecting household and motherly duties? Not she! She went to work with redoubled vigor. She must keep up not only house and children, but also the farm. And she did each duty well. The house was clean, the children healthy and the farm half plowed, ready for early spring planting—at the time of Mr. Procter's visit.

At the close of the war, a happy woman met her happier husband, uninjured and safe, at the door of a very pretty cottage, which was surrounded by a well-kept farm about twenty miles from Fort Gibson.

—*Stella Zekind.*



UNOCHI-UN

Junior Farce of '16

It would not be exactly modest for us to tell you that the Junior Farce of "1916" was conceded to be the best play produced in the St. Joe High for many years. But we believe we are justified in being just a little proud of the merits of the individuals who participated in it.

For instance, the sympathy and dramatic ability with which Nannene Gowdy portrayed the character of Peggy, the lovely little orphan, brought appreciative applause from the audience. And Donald Witt, in his characterization of the middle-aged bachelor, who makes the supreme sacrifice for the girl he loves, caused many a one to wipe a surreptitious tear from his eye by his excellent expression. Then we must not forget "Handsome La Verne", in his faithful execution of the role of the debonair hero, or Lila Unruh, who made such an excellent villainess. Stanley Johnson was an ideal Englishman, Edson Groff showed marked talent as a devoted husband, and Carl Scholtz caused much merriment in his portrayal of Kit, the violinist. Cora Mae Boam made an attractive matron, Lawrence White filled the role of Beadle to perfection, and Pearl Burkhard's Irish brogue was irresistibly funny.

"Mice and Men" is the story of a bachelor of forty who has decided to take a little orphan girl as his ward, educate her according to his own peculiar ideas, and then marry her. He chooses "Little Britain" from the crowd of orphans, and proceeds with his plans in regard to her education. But "the best laid plans of mice and men gang aft agley"—he has failed to reckon with the most important obstacle to his plans. Peggy has fallen in love with his handsome young nephew. Feeling that it is her duty, Peggy promises to marry the professor; but when he discovers her love for his nephew, he releases her from the engagement, thus sacrificing his own happiness for that of the girl he loves.

M. Johnson, '16.

High School Entertainment

This year a new experiment was tried—bred by necessity. In place of the proposed Senior play, the High School and the Senior class agreed to compromise, and made the programme one of varied attractions. Two short farces were to be given, with vaudeville acts and musical numbers frequently sprinkled along in between.

So we toiled and worked, and in about a week put on a show, played to a full house, and made *clear* about \$100! Quite a record? Maybe!

The two farces, "Billy's Chorus Girl" and "Mrs. Carver's Fancy Ball," were *good*, to say the least. The first, the tale of a grand mix-up—a harum-scarum young man, a sister, her husband and a girl taking part in amateur theatricals, created situations harrowing and wild.

The second, with a millionaire, "ma", "pa", and "dear darter", a nephew and a duplicate fancy dress costume, kept the audience in tears—from laughing, for its share of the time.

Then a hair-raising exhibition of modern surgeon's methods made the audience turn white and get green around the gills.

A *real* football game wherein the girl's team most gloriously defeated the opposing squad of husky males, gladdened the feminine hearts present and struck terror to the hearts of the men.

And the Band and orchestra! How proud we were of them! They were really quite the principal attractions of the evening,—as usual!

The idea seems good! Why not continue it?

Society

The Crescent Hallowe'en Party

An experiment! A Hallowe'en party! At Crescent, too! And sport? Say, just ask the students if they want another one.

It was a series of weird haunts, that high school room, the night of November 1, 1915. One no more escaped the grasp of a cold clammy hand, than he was taken on terrible journeys, and had to meet and conquer all sorts of animals, reptiles, and "sich."

And then the fortune teller! Weird were the awful things she revealed as the cards fell and the future was read.

Turkish maids simply abounded. Woe to the optomist who fell into their clutches and consented to have a peep into his coming life.

By the way, Freshmen girls are good candy makers, and Miss Grier knows how to get them to make it.

Yes, all this was sport—but the best of all was watching the football men giving the girls the high sign across the corner of the candy booth, and then ducking for a safe place as the coach hove in sight.

A strictly student affair with a great number masked it was a hilarious occasion, one to be looked back to. Many a time—but, and this is most important,—is it to be looked forward to.

Junior-Senior Prom.

The Junior-Senior Prom. given by the students of both classes which was held at St. Joseph's Auditorium, December 27, 1915, was one of the largest affairs ever held at the auditorium. The hall was beautifully decorated with Christmas greens. Between the chandeliers were festooned ropes of pine, and the lights were softened with red. The stage and platform were also decorated with evergreen boughs.

The dance was chaperoned by Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Kasischke, and Mr. and Mrs. Chester P. O'Hara. Mary Wilkinson and Doris Witt served punch. On the whole it was a great success. There were nearly a hundred couples there—and they vowed to have had the time of their life.

But, mostly it was successful in uniting the classes. Never before has there been such a marked absence of class feeling especially between the two upper classes. For this reason if for no other, it would be a great idea to make it an annual affair.

Freshmen, Sophomores, and Juniors, when we, the Seniors, return Alumni, may we have the great pleasure of attending the annual Junior-Senior Prom. of the Saint Joseph High School.

Junior-Senior Banquet

The Junior-Senior Banquet of 1915 was given the evening of June 18, 1915, at the Edgewater Club.

The rooms were decorated in old-fashioned garden flowers. A short program of toasts following the dinner was given with Donald Witt acting as toastmaster. LaVerne Williams roasted the Seniors, Laura Martin roasted the Faculty. E. J. Merrill toasted the Seniors, and W. W. Berry spoke on Athletics.

The remainder of the evening was spent in dancing, bowling and various other entertaining features of the club house were enjoyed.

Crescent Banquet

The Annual Crescent Banquet given April 7, 1916, at Burkhard's Hall, was the most enjoyable entertainment in the history of the High School.

The table decorations were especially clever. The Senior table, which as usual occupied the center of the room, was artistically decorated in blue and white. The Warren Cup, won by the Basket Ball Boys of 1915-16, on a bank of violets and ferns, formed the centerpiece. Two ladders, attached to the ends of the table, on which two dolls were fastened representing students in caps and gowns on their way to success, extended to the ceiling, where the word "Success" in large letters was suspended. The Junior's table was conspicuous for its electrical sunrise of red and white. Japanese lanterns bearing the numerals 1917 were hung above each end. The Sophomore table was prettily decorated in green and white, a large aeroplane forming their prominent decoration, while four lights in green and white completed their color scheme. Last but not least, was the Freshmen's table of purple and white, with its miniature Ford on which was printed the motto "We never get Stuck." It was extremely clever, in that it was a Freshman's table.

After the repast, Lawrence White, President of the Society, acted as toastmaster. Hazel Lessing was called upon to roast the Freshmen. Next Alma Gowdy gave the Sophomore Toast, and then Coach Gardner was called upon to speak on Athletics. Before presenting the basketball boys with their letters, he explained why no one but those who had won them should wear them. He presented Leonard Rose, the captain, with his letter first, then Leonard Merchant, Carl Scholz, Kenneth Gustafson, and John Schreiber, who each in turn thanked the Association for them.

After that Guy Crehore roasted the Juniors. Miss Grier paid her tribute to the Seniors, and the program was closed with the faculty toast and roast by Conant Hatch.

Dancing to the music of the High School Orchestra completed the evening's enjoyment.

Autographs

Catharine Vail '16

Sucille Franz '16.

Daisy Loukin '16.

Rayl Lucing '16.

Helen Hutchman '16.

Stanley Johnson '16.

Louise '17.

J. D. Muggel '17.

Ronald Bushnell '16

Ralph Gerondi '17

Carl Schoy '16

E. Clarke

E. J. Merrill

Margaret Rupp '16

Ruth Perkins '17

Pearl Burkhead '16

Don J. Bell '18

W. Eldridge Gardner.

Leonard. O. Merchant '17

Edna B. Schlatt '16

Mary Everett '16

Harold H. Hapke '17

Catherine Vail '17

Marquet Bartlett '17

A. C. Herby '17

Len. Rose '16

Harvells Fugate '17

Georgiaa Hathaway

Elise D. Ahlstrom '16

Ethel A. Coder '16.

Ellen M. Conant.

Calvin Roston



SCHOOL DAYS, 1925.

As kids we thought it rather tough
To learn that awful hist'ry stuff.
The names of battles and their dates
Would never stick within our pates.
But those who follow us, poor lads,
Will get it harder than their dads.

I stumbled, flopped and floundered through
Prague, Malplaquet, and Waterloo;
But Ypres, Pflœgsteert, Czernowitz,
Would give the ablest linguist fits.
Przemysl, Soissons, Seddul-Behr
'S enough to make one tear his hair.

I thank the Lord for saving me
From Dvinsk, Minsk, Pinsk, Gallipoli,
Novo-Georgievsk, Ivangorod,
Kiaochau, Erzerum—I quit, I'm blowed!
Shiloh, Antietam, and Bull Run—
Learning them now would just be fun!

An Irishman who had but recently arrived in this country applied to a Scotchman for a job. The Scotchman decided to give Pat a trial, also a little advice. "It will be your own fault if you don't get ahead in this country, Pat," said he. "Twenty years ago I landed in New York with but one shirt to my back, but since then by my own exertions I have managed to accumulate a million."

"Faith, an' I'd like to be knowin' what any mon wants with a million shirts; he can only wear one at a time, begorra," said Pat.

"Why do you sign your name J. John B. B. Bronson?" asked Donold.

"Because it is my name," said Bronson. "I was christened by a minister who stuttered."

For an hour the teacher had dealt with painful iteration on the part played by carbohydrates, proteids, and fats, respectively, in the upkeep of the human body. At the end of the lesson the usual test questions were put, among them, "Can any one tell me the three foods required to keep the body in health?" There was silence for a few minutes, and then Louis Gess raised his hand and replied: "Yer breakfast, yer dinner, and yer supper."

"Failed in Latin, flunked in Math,"
They heard him softly hiss;
"I'd like to find the guy who said
That ignorance is bliss."

Will you
be in a position
to accept the opportunity
when it knocks at
your door
?

You may prepare yourself
for that emergency by starting now, and

Save a part of your income.
We all spend, foolishly, enough to make ourselves independent.

One dollar
will start a savings account and if you get the habit you will enjoy watching the balance grow.

Open YOUR account
with

The Commercial National Bank

Tad Preston, at the telephone—"Hello! Is this Lucker's market?"

Market—"Yes, sir."

Tad—"Have you any dry fish?"

Market—"Yes, sir."

Tad, brilliantly—"Well, why don't you give them some water?"

Louis Kerly had ordered a fancy pig from a breeder. The pig was a mere mite of a pig, and the farmer sent it back.

"Dear sir," he wrote, "From the comparative size of the pig and the bill, I am forced to the conclusion that you got mixed. You should have sent the pig by mail and the bill by express."

When Nannene was making her trip abroad she was very much frightened one night when the vessel was wallowing in waves that threatened to engulf her at any moment. Hastily the captain ordered a box of rockets and flares brought to the rail, and with his own hands ignited a number of them in the hope that they would be seen and help sent. Amid the glare of the rockets, Nannene found her way with difficulty to the rail and addressed the captain thus:

"Captain, I must protest against this daredevilishness. We are now facing death. This is not a time for a celebration."

POWER OF SUGGESTION.

Twice as the horse-bus slowly wended its way up the steep hill the door at the rear opened and slammed. At first those inside paid little heed, but the third time they demanded to know why they should be disturbed in this fashion.

"Whist!" cautioned the driver. "Don't spake so loud. He'll overhear you."

"Who?"

"The hoss. Spake low. Shure, Oi'm desavin' the crayture. Every time he 'ears th' door close he thinks wan o' yez is gettin down ter walk up th' hill, an' that sort o' raises 'is spirrets."

Mr. Gardener (in Economics class, after a very poor recitation)—"It seems to me that the general function of the heads of several members of the class is to keep their neckties from slipping off."

First Mother—"Mrs. Clancy, yer child is badly spoiled."

Second Mother—"Gwan wid yez."

First Mother—"Well, if you don't believe it, come and see what the steam roller did to him."

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ANYWAY, HE WAS A RUNNER.

"Are you a good runner?" asked a farmer of a high school Senior applying for a job on his ranch. The student said he was. "Well," said the farmer, "you can round up the sheep."

After several hours the student returned, perspiring and out of breath. "I got the sheep all right," he reported, "but I had a fierce time getting the lambs."

"The lambs? I haven't any lambs," said the farmer.

"Well," replied the student (Turk Merchant), "they're in the corral." Thereupon the farmer went to investigate. In the corral with the exhausted sheep he found half a dozen panting jack rabbits.

Miss Conant (in Ancient History)—"Edward, what kind of transportation did the Greeks and Romans use?"

Zap (dreamily)—"Railways."

Leonard Rose
Sat on a tack,
Leonard Rose!

An ad found in a Chicago paper: Tonight, Marguerite Snow in "A Corner on Cotton." Five absorbing reels.

Mr. Merrill (after we had heard a gong ring downstairs and a patter of feet)—"No, it will not be a fire drill this time."

Caroline Napier—"Oh, then we will not burn up."

Mr. Merrill—"No, not here at least, Miss Napier."

At a house party back in November the following conversation took place in a room in which four fellows were peacefully snoring:

"Bushnell," said Ed, in the middle of the night. The one addressed snored a bit louder and turned over.

"Bushnell," said Ed, with increased emphasis.

"What is it?" grunted Johnny.

"Get up, the gas is leaking."

"Aw, put a pan under it and shut up," groaned Johnny, and snored peacefully on.

Freshman (writing home)—"How do you spell financially?"

Senior—"F-I-N-A-N-C-I-A-L-L-Y, and there are two r's in embarrassed."



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CONVENIENT
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life right and do my work

ELECTRICALLY

ASK THE MAN

Francis Groff—"Jean Stuart told me that you told her that secret I told you not to tell her."

Katie Slack—"O! Isn't she a mean thing? Why, I told her not to tell you."

Francis—"Well, I told her I wouldn't tell you if she told me—so don't tell her I did."

Miss Grier (to Kenneth Ankli)—"Why, what's the matter, Kenneth? You look angry. Has any one offended you?"

Kenneth—"Offended me! I guess they have. I just heard that every one thinks I have the big head."

Miss Grier—"The big head! Well, I wouldn't worry about that; there's nothing in it."

First Freshie—"Why is Margaret Brown's neck like a typewriter?"

Second Freshie—"I don't know; why?"

First Freshie—"Huh! That is easy. Her neck is like a typewriter because it's Underwood! ! ! ! !"

Freshie skippee,
Lightly tripee,
Over to Sweet's store.
Merrill camee,
Tookee namee,
Now they skip no more.

John Schrieber—"Say, Gusty, did you know that we had a big wooden wedding over to our house the other day?"

Gusty—"No; how's that?"

John—"Oh, my sister married a blockhead."

CLEVER ADS FOUND IN THE DAILY PAPER.

Bull dog for sale; will eat anything; very fond of children.

Wanted—A boy to be partly outside and partly behind the counter.

Lost—Near the standpipe, an umbrella belonging to a gentleman with a bent rib and a bone handle.

Mr. Jones—Furrier begs to announce that he will make up gowns and caps for ladies out of their own skins.

Wanted—An airy bed-room for a gentleman, 22 ft. long and 11 ft. wide.

Mary, Mary, quite contrary,
How does your Gardner grow?
With lovesick spells, soon wedding bells,
And bridesmaids all in a row.

H A R D W A R E

¶ Our Stock of Merchandise is so large and varied that this space don't allow us to enumerate it all. But we take this opportunity to extend a hearty invitation to come, look and be convinced of our ability to serve, and supply your wants. Our aim is to carry a complete assortment of everything belonging in our line. In looking over our goods, you will notice that quality is our hobby.

¶ Let us mention just a few staple lines for your consideration.

¶ *For the House*, we have Aluminum and Granite Ware, Cutlery, Vacuum Sweepers, Sewing Machines, Washing Machines, Refrigerators and a complete line of the famous Peninsular Kitchen Ranges.

¶ *For Lawn and Garden*, you ought to see our new and improved Hand Cultivators, Lawn Mowers, and all kinds of garden tools.

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B R O W N

The Ice and Coal Man

He is the fellow that keeps you cool in the summer
and warm in the winter.

Miss Holtzman—"Miss Foltz, where is the setting of the story of Silas Marner?"

Melba brightly replied, "In the first chapter."

CAN YOU IMAGINE

Edith Mason dancing with Vernon Castle?
John Needham not being "*Slack*"?
Esther Barlow being "*Scott*" free?
Cora Mae Boam not "*Sighing*"?
Nannene Gowdy being deaf and dumb?

LaVerne—"I think your dad is an old crank for telling me that 11 o'clock is the time to leave."

Dad (overhearing the remark)—"A crank is necessary in case of the lack of a self starter."

Miss Conant—"When was the revival of learning?"

Uneasy Bartlett Dobberthein—"The day before exams."

Man (to applicant for yard man)—"You will have to mow the lawn, water the flowers, and care for my Ford."

Applicant—"I can mow the lawn, and water the flowers, and tend the Ford—but I can never learn to care for it."

"My son," said Mr. Groff, impressively, "suppose I should be taken away suddenly; what would become of you?"

"Why," said Edson, reverently, "I'd stay here. The question is, what would become of you."

She—"Why do they paint the inside of a chicken coop?"

He—"To keep the hens from picking the grain out of the wood."

If Harry should go Plumb crazy in his Dome would Gardner be Mary and say Lessing?

If Frances-the Tar-bell should dress very Gowdy in White, would George By-er?

Wir haben im Park gewalked,
Wir haben von luff getalked,
Dann hab ich sie heim gefetched,
Und so hab ich kalt geketched.

—*Louis Eckert's German Recitation.*

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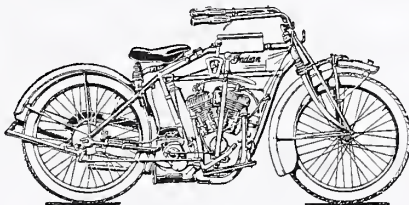
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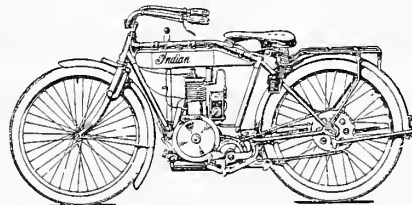
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AND SHE TOOK DOMESTIC SCIENCE.

Margaret Brown, now a modern housekeeper, placed two plates, with knives, forks, spoons and tumblers, on the dining table, and took two paper napkins from a drawer, laying one beside each plate.

Then she lighted the gas stove, opening a can of soup, and placed it in a skillet to heat. Next she opened two cans of vegetables and a can of salmon and heated these. She cut six slices of baker's bread and quartered a baker's pie, placing everything on the table together with butter, salt, pepper and a pitcher of cold water.

"Mother and dad! Your dinner is ready."

Johnny stood beside his mother as she made her selection from the huckster's wagon, and the farmer told the boy to take a handful of cherries, but the child shook his head.

"What's the matter? Don't you like cherries?" asked the huckster.

"Yes," replied Johnny.

"Then go ahead an' take some."

Johnny hesitated, whereupon the farmer put a generous handful into the boy's cap. After the farmer had driven on, the mother asked:

"Why didn't you take the cherries when he told you to?"

"'Cause his hand was bigger'n mine."

BEATITUDES.

Blessed are the poor in pocket-book, for they shall sponge on their friends.
Blessed are they that lunch with the teachers, for great shall be their report cards.

Blessed are those on the football team, for they shall slide through their recitations.

Blessed are those who feast the Seniors, for as they do now, so shall they be done by hereafter.

Blessed are those who sign not their own reports, for trouble shall come to them not.

Blessed are the merciful teachers, for great is their fame throughout the school.

Blessed are those who talk back to their teachers, for they shall see Mr. Merrill.

Blessed are ye when teachers shall jaw you and shall squelch you and shall give you forty errors.

Rejoice! and be exceedingly glad, for you shall receive a holiday as a reward, for so persecuted they the scholars who were before you.

Mr. Jennings said it has rained so much lately that all his money is wet—it is due (dew) in the morning and missed (mist) in the evening.

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Children's
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It was the hardest game that e'er our team did play,
Folks came from all around, to see them win the day.
The game was new to her; so on him she did depend,
To tell how the full back punted, and halves went round the end.
During all the game they cheered our men so true,
He joined in every yell, she waved the yellow and the blue.
For a gain of twenty yards, the left half rounds the end,
The people yelled like mad, for on such plays games depend.
But the half just now comes back, the Ump has called "Off side,"
And all the St. Joe students, loudly the umpire guyed.
Our opponents now applauded, and e'er "Ed" could explain,
Little Grace said, "They have encored him, and he's going to
try again."

"Gee! I had an awful dream the other night," said Gene Stuart.
"What was it?" asked her friend.
"Well, I dreamed that Margaret Plumb had typhoid fever and lost all
of her beautiful curly locks."
"Huh! that was nothing to worry over; she would soon have her *Harry
Dome* again."

Roscoe Smith is one of those young men given to the use of stale slang.
At the breakfast table, desiring the milk, he exclaimed: "Chase the cow
down this way, please." "Here, Beth," said his mother, "take the cow down
to where the calf is bawling."

At the Junior-Senior dance Karl Miller started to leave rather early in
the evening. "What's wrong, Karl?" asked one of the fellows. "Oh, I
haven't the Grace to Stay—see?"

The square of a certain town in the South was located about a mile from
the railway station. A negro named George had a boot-blackening stand near
the square. One day, while George was at work, a man came up and began
to quarrel with his customer. After some heated words, one of the men drew
a revolver and fired on the other. Several weeks later, when the case came
up for trial, Gorge was the star witness.

"Now, George," said the attorney, "describe just how this shooting took
place."

"Yessuh, Boss. De gen'man fire two shots. Yessuh, dey went banging!
Just like dat, suh."

"You say he fired two shots, George? Will you tell the court just what
you were doing when these two shots were fired?"

"Well, yoh Honah, when he fired de fust shot, I was shining de gen'man's
shoes, and when he fired de second shot, suh, I was passin' de deppo."

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Mr. Gardner was in a downtown restaurant eating mush and milk.

"What's the matter?" inquired Miss Blank.

"Got dyspepsia."

"Don't you enjoy your meals?"

"Enjol my meals?" snorted the indignant Mr. Gardner. "My meals are merely guide-posts to take medicine before and after."

Once, while Hans Richter was rehearsing Tschaikowsky's "Romeo and Juliet" music the violoncellos had a very passionate melody to play. Richter was by no means satisfied that the necessary warmth of expression had been obtained. "Gentlemen, gentlemen," said he, "you all play like married men, not like lovers."

"Say, Turk, what was all that loud roaring I heard in your flat last night."

Turk—"We were having a quiet little poker game and the deuces were wild."

Lives of all great men remind us
Things that we had best avoid;
One is, not to leave behind us
Ponies that should be destroyed.

In a recent examination paper for teachers, this question was given: "If the Premier and all the members of the Cabinet should die, who would officiate?"

Leonard Rose thought for a time, trying in vain to recall who came next in succession. At last a happy inspiration came to him, and he answered:

"The undertaker."

When LaVerne was a little boy his mother took him to a church fete. One of the attractions was a fortune teller's tent. Mrs. Williams took La Verne inside. The woman of wisdom bent over the crystal ball.

"Your son will be a very distinguished man if he lives long enough!" she murmured, in deep, mysterious tones.

"Oh! how nice," said his mother. "And what will he be distinguished for?"

"For old age," replied the fortune teller slowly.

Senior—"Say, Freshie, how much is seven times seven?"

Freshie—"Why, forty-nine, of course. Couldn't you do that?"

Senior—"Yes, but not so quickly. You see, fools multiply rapidly."

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FOOT FORWARD IN

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Junior Farce of '17

After much delay, much squabbling and much disruption of the class, the Farce this year was finally produced, June 1st and 5th, at the Caldwell Theatre. A good, rollicking Farce, "Looking for Mary Jane." It surely "got across." Everyone looked forward expectantly to Mrs. Stuart Barlow's first production. It was well worth waiting for, speaking very effectively, as it did, for the excellency of her coaching.

There was action every minute and although especial credit cannot be given any one character, all worked together to make it a great success.

Caroline Napier as Mrs. Varney, the charming young widow who is "engaged to all three"—more than fulfilled the promise she has given of being a very excellent young actress. Margaret Brown as Carlita Romagna Schultz, the lost Mary Jane, interpreted the part of the temperamental opera singer to perfection.

Gordon Riley as Augustus Merrifield, William Kent as Charlie and Harry Bartlett as Berkeley Crane were the three harrassed, care-worn young men—playing their parts with such ease and ability as make a name for themselves. William Sheehan was the incarnation of a temperamental composer of "an opera", and Conant Hatch as Gustave Schultz, Carlita's decidedly German husband, kept everyone in an uproar. That "Hein"—can we ever forget it?

Leona Burkhard as Pauline Wentworth, the niece of the landlady, made and straightened perplexing situations with an agility amazing.

And last but not least, Viva Slattery as Gladys, the maid, and Howard Hapke as the Chinese laundryman, were the most ludicrous, ridiculous clowns one could imagine. And so Clifton Jensen as the colored expressman did his share by introducing the disturbing element very forcibly—namely, the trunk. Burton Loshbough as Mr. Merrifield, Augustus' father, also did some excellent work.

The three young men arrive from Mexico to find that Augustus must announce his engagement to the mysterious Mary Jane within a week or be left without funds. Discovering the supposed Mary Jane in the same boarding house, they force Berkeley Crane to fake Augustus' name and play the trick. They take Pauline into their confidence—and she tells Mrs. Varney, the supposed Mary Jane. Angry, Mrs. Varney makes them all propose, engaging herself to all of them. Ambrose Paddington, the young composer, seeks Carlita to sing the title role of his opera, but cannot get an interview. Carlita has tried to smuggle a chinaman across the border, but becoming alarmed checks the trunk in Berkeley Crane's name. It is all an awful mix up until a letter arrives saying the trunk has never been sent and Augustus' father comes and reveals the deception—so Mrs. Varney and Augustus, Pauline and Berkeley are reunited and "live happy ever after."

NOTE: The late date of the Farce necessitated this position in the book.

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Men Everywhere You go.**

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is well dressed, not only in his own estimation, but in the
opinion of everybody else, whether he walks down the main
street of *Your City* or down Fifth Avenue in New York.

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A Marked Coolness

exists between us and even *Our very Best Patrons*, yet this coolness,
emanating from

Our Soda Fountain and
Delicious Ice Cream

Makes us many Warm Friends.

Wilson's Sugar Bowl

Donald McElroy was brought before a police court charged with abusing his team and using loud and profane language on the street. One of the witnesses was a pious old dorky, who was submitted to a short cross examination.

"Did the defendant use improper language while he was beating his horses?" asked the lawyer.

"Well, he talked mighty loud, suh."

"Did he indulge in profanity?"

The witness seemed puzzled. The lawyer put the question in another form.

"What I mean, Uncle Aus, is—did he use words that your minister would use in his sermon?"

"Oh, yes suh, yes suh," the old man replied with a grin that revealed the full width of his immense mouth; "but dey'd have to be 'ranged diff'runt."

Louie Eckert tells how Miss Babcock came into his father's meat market one day and addressed him thus:

"I bought three or four hams here a month or so ago, and they were fine. Have you any more of them?"

"Yes, ma'am," said Louie, "there are ten of those hams hanging up there now."

"Well," continued Miss Babcock, "if you're sure they're off the same pig, I'll take three of them."

A new regulation in a certain coal mine required that each man mark with chalk the number on every car of coal mined.

One man named Ole, having filled the eleventh car, marked it with a number one and, after pondering a while, let it go at that. Another miner, happening to notice what he thought was a mistake, called Ole's attention to the fact that he had marked the car number one instead of eleven.

"Yes, I know," said Ole, "but I can't tank which side de odder wan go on."

Hazel Lessing (exhibiting two cold sores)—"Aren't these works of Art?"

Jane—"Art who?"

Mr. Merrill—"How would you measure the height of this building with an aneroid barometer?"

Merchant—"Why—a—I—a—would climb up to the roof and a—tie a string to the a—barometer and a—let it down and then I—a—would measure the string."



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BENTON HARBOR

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Freshman Roast

GIVEN AT CRESCENT BANQUET

Bushnell their president, quite a lad,
Said brightly, "If two cakes I had,
And had three friends with which to divide,
I'd take my cakes and run and hide."

Of all the people full of bluffs,
And slang and noise, this Lamont Tufts,
Has got it over on them all,
But—empty houses always fall.

We have in our band a loud cornet,
And Walter Bartlett blows, you bet,
Yes, he blows and blows and blows and blows,
But what he says nobody knows.

Its funny how a freshman boy
Can be a Junior's pride and joy—isn't it Ecklund?

The Ham what Am, and sugar cured,
Why many a maiden it has lured,
There only is one mighty fault,
A bit too fresh—a little salt
Would no doubt make him quite a man,
Our "Speed King Hero", John Needham.

One girl said, "I think it's a fright,"
The other said, "Yes, sits up all night,
To paint his cheeks and curl his hair."
Our little Charlie Loeffler, fair.

His manly form, his handsome face,
His steady walk bespeaks his grace,
Appollo you say? Or some such man?
No, but guess if you can?
You can't? Well then, I know your brains you'll be rackin,
So I'll tell you his name, its Gardiner McCracken.

Who is it who has won our hearts?
Who studies now with fits and starts,
One day a student the next a dunce,
Who likes to sing, and they tell me once

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He couldn't hear a thing you said,
He had such a terrible cold in his head.
If he should take a notion now to up and leave us
We'd surely miss this little scamp Edward Kneibus.

He blushes as a maiden does when talking with her beau
He's bashful as they make them, but a good fellow too you know,
Now of course this bashfulness may run in the family
But try to overcome it now, won't you Arthur Manley?
Now please don't think as I rave on and this *mild* roast unfurls,
That I have forgotten a single one of those darling Freshman girls.

The one I'm going to single out among all of these girls is a poet and
student, and she has the grandest curls;
Her brightness is almost painful, she's thin from study of course,
And you know as well as I do that I mean Josephine Morse.

I need not mention this girl's name, but will tell from the start,
She's a dancer, and is hard to please, and hasn't any heart,
That is for any other boys except the only ONE
And he of course is widely known as Kenny Gustafson.

One day I heard a girl remark that Alma Gowdy said
Why hurry, pray why hurry? There'll be time when I am dead.

Marjory Hawley is an artist in the line of dressing hair
When curls are style she's out of it, when straight she's surely there.

Miss Kelble says there is a girl in this class of which I speak
Who could talk and talk and talk and talk and talk for most a week
And never lose a minute or rest or even retard
And this little chatter box is none but cute Florence Burkhard.

And Francis Groff who is quite short, and ne'er a soul could hurt
Is said to be—now don't be shocked—a veritable flirt.
I haven't the time to give all of them a chance
But selected the few I have at a hurried glance.
The others can wait, and I hope won't be mad,
Cause if they were left out of it, twould really be quite sad.
Now don't be angry with me for the things that I have said,
But your greenness and your childishness to all these things have lead,
So forget these little slams and joke and brighten up and smile
Cause you only will be Freshmen for a very little while.

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St. Joe School Kids 53 Years Ago



It was 53 years ago when the seventh grade of Garfield school in St. Joseph posed for this picture in 1911 outside the now-demolished building. Sixteen of the class are now deceased, according to information compiled by the owner of this well-preserved photo, Mrs. Robert Ross of Benton Harbor, and Ralph A. Gersonde, of St. Joseph, both members of the class. Following are the identifications they provided, left to right:

Front Row — Margaret Stark Ross, Benton Harbor; Herbert Zordell, (deceased), Baroda; Ethel Coder McDonald, Benton Harbor; Ralph A. Gersonde, St. Joseph; Daisy Tomkins Harcourt, (deceased), Dearborn.

Second Row — Hattie Nushbaum Barts, (deceased), St. Joseph; Lydia Tollas, (deceased), St. Joseph; Louise Fechner Schnuck, St. Joseph; Arthur Hermann, (deceased), Buchanan; Robert White, (deceased), St. Joseph; Edna Schlutt Koch, St. Joseph.

Third Row — Selma Jafke Schlutt, (deceased), St. Joseph; Harry Hill, (deceased), Chicago; Fred Kurtz (deceased), Benton Harbor; Lila Uhruth, address unknown; Frances Hammer Martin, Lansing; Leonard "Ding" Merchant, (deceased), St. Joseph; Walter Clark, South Bend; William Yeske, (deceased), Watervliet; Walter King, address unknown.

FOURTH ROW — Lena Grieger Schlutt, Chicago; Lawrence Stock, Tucson, Ariz.; Hulda Stork McMillen, Riverside; Gladys Corteville Huff, St. Joseph; Elsie Dahlstrom Minihello, (deceased), North Hollywood, Calif.; Frank Troike, Gardena, Calif.; Marvel Peyton Lombard, Ill.; Mary Everett Merchant, Chicago.

BACK ROW — Miss Edythe Klose, teacher; Adolph R. Van Drasek, Watervliet; Madelyne Schnader, Washington, D. C.; George Van Drasek, Watervliet; Martha Schroeder, Kalamazoo; Helen Gibbs, (deceased), St. Joseph; Leonard Rose, (deceased), St. Joseph; Bernice Frizze Norris, Detroit; Josephine Weaver Woods, Little Rock, Ark.; George Rose, (deceased), St. Joseph; Sherwood Vinnege, (deceased), St. Joseph.

Lucille Franz

Eara Nitzelberger

MISS CONANT DIES AFTER LONG ILLNESS

FOR MANY YEARS TAUGHT IN
HIGH SCHOOL—WAS PROMI-
NENT IN CIVIL LIFE.

Following a long illness, Miss Ellen Whittlesey Conant, for many years a teacher in the St. Joseph high school and one of the best loved women of the city, died last evening at her home, 845 Wisconsin avenue.

For two years Miss Conant has been in ill health, but for the past two months she has been failing rapidly and her death has been expected at any time. Her sister, Mrs. George Pfifer, of Cleveland, and brother, Dr. Phila Conant, of Roseville, Ill., have been here during the last days of her illness.

In the death of Miss Conant a beautiful life is terminated. She was born in Ravenna, Ohio, October

(Continued on page 5)

MISS CONANT DIES AFTER LONG ILLNESS

(Concluded from page 1.)

24 1866, and moved to St. Joseph in 1892. She was the daughter of Judge Phila B. Conant and her mother was Alice Whittlesey, daughter of John Whittlesey, one of the pioneer residents of this city.

Miss Conant was graduated from Oberlin university in 1887 and taught in a missionary school in Atlanta, Ga., for two years. She became a teacher in the St. Joseph schools in 1892 and taught continuously until the spring of 1916 when she was obliged to resign because of ill health, although she substituted occasionally and for four weeks during the past winter taught in the high school.

Miss Conant during her years as a teacher in the public schools probably came closer to the young people than any member of the faculty. It was to her they took their troubles and their joys and from her received the much needed advice and sympathy.

For years she was known as "The Freshman's Guardian Angel," and no greater monument can be erected to her memory than the love held for her by hundreds of students who came under her influence and are better men and women today for having known her.

Miss Conant's work in the city was not confined to the school room. She was active in the work of the Congregational church, served as vice president of the board of directors of the Y. W. C. A., was a member of the Michigan Children's Home auxiliary which does much to care for the children and for a number of years was secretary of the library board of trustees.

Miss Conant is survived by her sister, Miss Alice, with whom she has resided and who has been her constant companion, her sister, Mrs. Pfifer, of Cleveland, and two brothers, Paul Conant of California, and Dr. Conant of Roseville.

Tomorrow morning at 9 o'clock from the residence with Dr. H. A. Bushnell, pastor of the First Congregational church, and Rev. A. H. Stoneman, former pastor of the church, officiating. The burial will be made in the family lot in Ravenna, the relatives leaving this city tomorrow afternoon.

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